And fall a curſing like a very drabbe, ſtallion, fie upon't, foh.
About my braines, hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures ſitting at a Play
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Beene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther though it have no tongue will ſpeake
With moſt miraculous organ. Ile have theſe Players
Play ſomething like the murther of my father
Before mine uncle: Ile obſerve his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I have ſeene
May be a divell, and the divell hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea and perhaps
Out of my weakneſſe and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes me to damne me: Ile have grounds
More relative than this, the Play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyldenſterne, Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his daies of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Roſ. He does confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe he will by no meanes ſpeake.
Guyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty madneſſe keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true eſtate.
Quee. Did he receive you well?
Roſ. Moſt like a Gentleman.
Guyl. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
Roſ. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.
Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?
Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out that certaine Players

We